

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES



Judy Thornton

APRIL — 1957

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

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EDITORIAL



NIGHT SONG

Last night I sat by the open window of my room looking out over the fields. I was restless and could not sleep. I knew it was late because everything was so still, especially inside the house.

Outside, the fields shone with an eerie glow from the moon, which was hidden from my view. This beautiful country night was perfectly still except for the night-song of the crickets in the fields. The air was sweet with the fragrance of freshly-cut grass in the yard and of drying grain in the meadows.

It was just as if the whole world were in a deep slumber and lay waiting for the first light of dawn to waken it, so it could continue its hectic, monotonous routine.

Then I heard the soft whistle of a distant train. It made me think of those complicated, city people who do not even stop at night, who are always on the go. Oh, if they could only see life the way I do! How much easier it would be for them to face their problems!

Life is simple and kind; it is beautiful. Life is Mother Nature's most precious gift to us. She gives it to us pure and clean. After a while she takes it away, and it should be just as beautiful as it was when she gave it to us.

Life should have no problems for us. People make their own problems. They rush and hurry and worry, and they get nowhere.

Here in the country, life is so very simple and easy to understand. I hope I will live in the country all my life--and also in death.

Now it is the darkest hour—the hour before dawn. Life, too, has its dark moments, but we must learn to rise above them. We must rise as the sun rises, rise into the darkness, meet it, and push it away. Then we can see the light of life—as the light of a new day.

Suddenly I wasn't restless any more. I crept into my bed and slept—to the music of the crickets' night song.

Christine Carney, '58

DOZING

It goes without saying that, in our modern times, we don't get enough sleep while in bed. And so we indulge in the national pastime of the Doze---catching little snatches of sleep now and then during the day while trying to appear as if we were really awake.

Of course, there is one form of the Doze which gives the appearance of real sleep. This is the short Doze or "quickie", taken first thing in the morning. The alarm rings and we look at the clock. There are five minutes before it is absolutely necessary to get out of bed. If we forget about freshening up, there might be fifteen minutes. If we leave the final details of dressing until we get to school, (snatching our extra clothes from the chair and carrying them on our arm), there might even be a half an hour or more for a good nap. But to argue this point to some person standing beside the bed is fruitless, and before long there we are, out on the cold floor in our bare feet. But we are not so much concerned with these early dozes as we are with the ones taken during the day, fully dressed, when we believe that no one notices.

For example, say you are riding in a Pullman car of a train or on a bus. Here you allow your head to sink back against the back of the seat to see if the headrest really is comfortable. Then very soon your mouth opens slightly, your head tips a little to the side, and there you are, a pretty picture. You are lucky if, when you come to, you do not find your neighbors snickering or smiling at some ridiculous facial expression you had taken on.

The idea in all this public dozing is to act, on awakening, as if you knew exactly what you were doing all the time. You assume a serious expression showing that you have been thinking about some weighty problem with your eyes closed, and now that you have at last come on its solution, it's snap-snap! back to more important things. However, if you find, after looking around, that no one has caught your little act, then it will do no harm to give it another try.

I have found that the safest way of dozing is to keep my overcoat on, especially if it is made of good, substantial material which will hold a sagging torso erect. With a good heavy overcoat, one may sink into sleep and still simulate dignity.

Dozing, however refreshing, does make it a bit difficult to keep up a conversation. You may slip off into a quick coma some day while your companion, or possibly even your teacher, is telling you about South America or a new type formula, and then come to just as he is asking: "What would you say?" However, there is a chance he will not find out that you've been dozing if you have an answer ready for such an emergency. "Yes" or "No", are strictly taboo as they might make you sound even sillier than you look. I find that, "Well, I.....don't.....know," said very slowly and deliberately, will fit almost any question. This may cause your friend to answer the thing himself. Anyway, it will act as a stall. From there on you will have to fight your own battle.

The whole problem is one which calls for a great deal of thought. If we can develop some way in which man can doze and still keep from making a monkey of himself, we shall have removed a big obstacle to human happiness in modern civilization.

I am working on it right now, as a matter of fact, but I find it a little difficult to keep awake.

John Gallant,'57

FAN CLUBS

Today there are many fan clubs for the popular rock 'n' roll singers. The singing stars get in touch with some teenagers, usually girls, and have them form a club in the singer's name. These girls get their friends and other teen-agers to join.

I think that this is a cheap way for singers to sell records, for the members of the clubs have to buy all the records of that particular star and encourage others to buy them also. I feel that the singers who have these fan clubs wouldn't sell as many records as they do otherwise. To me it is a cruelly unnecessary expense for the girls and boys. The only thing they get out of it, if anything, is possibly the enjoyment of seeing their favorite singers sell over a million records.

I think clubs that do different things for the particular star, besides making money for him, would be good for the teen-agers. But these fan clubs are just a racket and should be stopped. Kathleen Greenler, '57



LITERARY

THE GIRL AT TABLE THREE

Sitting in Huyler's Restaurant in Boston, it isn't at all unusual to see business men and private secretaries milling in and out. So, as I sat musing over a menu, trying to decide which would satisfy my palate more—a doughnut or a coffee roll, I hardly glanced at a smartly dressed brunette as she strode through the swinging doors and marched, head held high, to a table near mine. As she swung into place, I, who will never cease to be both amused and intrigued by members of the business world, gave her a quick once-over.

Her smooth, sleek page-boy barely brushed against the collar of her stiff, white blouse. Her olive green spike heels matched her tailored suit. Though she was a rather slender girl, her oval face was not marred by high cheek bones. To add the final touch to her striking beauty—she had a delicately shaped nose with a slightly up-turned tip.

As I looked into her sky-blue eyes I saw that her hard, cold immobility was just a mask that was hiding her innermost thoughts. I sat there openly staring at her—trying to penetrate her thoughts—when we came eye to eye. She fluttered her dark eyelashes nervously, and I lowered my head.

I returned to the menu and decided to get a doughnut after all. As I sat there patiently waiting for my order, I couldn't help thinking of that motionless figure on the red plastic chair. Trying to chase thoughts of her from my mind, I picked up a stray copy of *Glamour* and idly thumbed through it. It was no use. Something about the melancholy expression in her eyes haunted me.

I watched her out of the corner of my eye. It seemed as though she had forgotten me, so I ventured to slightly move my head in her direction. Slitting my eyes, (for extra vision), I scrutinized her. It was very obvious that she'd had a fight. But with whom, I thought? My womanly intuition told me it wasn't her boss.

I sat there pondering the situation and noticing everything about her that might give me a clue. Her eyes were clear and showed no trace of mascara-smearing tears. Her lips were pressed tightly together, forming little knots in her cheeks. My eyes traveled to her hands. The tips of her long fingers were slightly blue from carbon paper. Otherwise, her hands were white and smooth.

A glance at her left hand revealed the whole story in a flash. A tell-tale, pink, circular mark at the base of her fourth finger told me a ring had once had a position of honor on that finger. The ring was gone now.

I instinctively turned away—embarrassed and ashamed. I remained slumped in my chair long after a self-important waitress had filled my order. I sat staring coldly at the crisp, brown doughnut lying forlornly on the plate. I let it stay there—I wasn't hungry anymore.

After a few minutes I noticed that I was receiving the same inquisitive stares I had liberally bestowed just a short time before. It wasn't a pleasant feeling. Somehow, I wished I had never penetrated her secret. I wished I could have erased the knowledge from my brain and be forever ignorant of what she had tried so hard to hide. In a little while, I thought, all trace of her engagement would be erased from sight. The pink mark would vanish, and with it the observations of curious people.

I looked at her again. Her head was held high—not defiantly, but in a proud manner. Her eyes did not mirror any revengeful thoughts. Her facial muscles relaxed, and a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she watched a young and carefree couple stroll in. Her eyes casually traveled around the room and rested on me. I looked at her, full of admiration. Not a word passed between us, but I knew she understood.

She finished eating and left her table. As she passed my table, she smiled at me. Her smile glowed with infinite understanding and wisdom. I watched as she raised her slender hand to swing open the door. Then she passed out of sight.

I have never seen her again but I shall never forget her. She was a woman worthy of admiration. Louise E. Mooradkanian,'57

THE JAZZMAN

Dark hands caressed the golden horn. Slowly, lovingly, he raised it to his lips. Mellow tones soon seeped into the crowded, smoke-filled room. He seemed to find inspiration in its quiet dimness.

Intricate patterns of melody rose on the air, throbbing with lyrical quality. His music flowed into new and unknown themes without interruption—from sweet and scintillating to rhythmic, pulsating beats; it was all meant to tantalize the ears of his listeners.

Who was this man? How could an unschooled musician possess such musical power? No one had ever heard anything quite like this before. What magnetic force compelled people to spend night after night listening spellbound to him?

Instinctively, he drifted into strong, impulsive rhythms. Each pattern showed new independence. He improvised with ease, and yet his music had the beauty of the great classics. All too soon, the last note echoed in the still of the night.

The crowd was greatly affected. They all realized that fresh new talent had been found, destined for fame beyond the limits of their city.

Josephine Bonanno,'57

THE BIRTH OF A COLT

The gleaming sun dazzled the big brown eyes of a shimmering, awkward colt, not more than five hours old. The plastic-like covering adorning him since his birth had been gently disposed of by the proud mare who stood guard over her child.

The young colt was a misty gray color with the promise of a jet-black mane and tail. His hooves were small and dainty, resembling those of his mother. The finely molded head and small ears were Arabian characteristics inherited from his father.

It seemed as though all nature were celebrating the happy event. Birds, chirping gayly, made the colt drowsy, but he was soon experiencing a new adventure at his first sight of a scurrying rabbit.

Struggling to gain his balance on his long, lanky legs he was unsuccessful at first, but was determined to reach his goal. Encouraged by his mother and with a helpful nudge, the colt was soon standing staunchly on all fours, ready to enjoy this new world he had recently entered. His mind was all awirl; never had he seen so many new things at one time. His eyes sparkled with excitement as he nervously pawed the ground. The small velvet muzzle and nostrils quivered as he sniffed in the fresh, cool air.

Then, the young colt heard the first sound of his life an—earnest whinny coming from his mother. He started to trot toward her, but was surprised by a small yellow comet flying in front of him. This new insect alighted on the colt's muzzle. A nod of his head aroused the butterfly, and it departed from its resting place, leaving a reddish-yellow powder sprinkled on the colt's nose.

Reaching his mother, he felt, for the first time, a craving for food. He put his nose down to the sweet grass, trying to nibble at it like his mare. This did not satisfy him, so searching, he found his delight in the warm, sweet milk of his mother.

This ended a perfect day for a new-born colt, and he was ready to enjoy the new life that was ahead of him—after a peaceful sleep.

Joan Doiron,'57

PATIENT WIFE

Henry Black was perplexed. If Doris hadn't asked him to clean out his topcoat pockets so she could take the coat to the cleaner's, this letter she must have given him to mail some weeks ago might have remained in his pocket for heaven knows how long.

Without a doubt his pretty little wife was the greatest lecturer on the evils of absent-mindedness, and he wasn't especially eager at the moment to listen to one of her lectures,

In the semi-darkness of the closet, he secreted the envelope in his pants pocket and brought the gray coat out to the kitchen, draping it over the back of a chair.

"Find anything interesting, dear?" she asked, with what he thought was a slight smirk on her face.

"Er, ah....interesting? What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know, Henry. People always find money or something when they clean out their pockets."

He rocked back on his heels and looked up at the ceiling. "Ah, no, dear---just the usual things,"—and to sidetrack her train of thought—"and before I forget," he said, rubbing the side of his face, "I need a pack of blades. Will you pick up one on the way home?"

"You look to me as though you've already had a close shave!"

What did she mean by that crack? he wondered. She couldn't have known about the letter because she would have chided him about it long before this. Probably just a coincidence.

She hung the coat over her arm. "Well, I'm off! I'll be back by four, dear."

He could hardly wait to see her out the door and on her way. As the door was closing she called out, "Henry, will you hand me that letter?"

She did know?!

"Letter? W-what letter?" he stammered.

"The one on the kitchen table. I almost forgot to mail it."

Saved again! He couldn't stand much more of this. He brought her the letter and leaned against the door when it finally closed behind her. Man, if he hadn't learned his lesson now he never would!

Checking to see that Doris was nowhere in sight, he left the house and headed straight for the mail box on the corner. He just hoped that letter wasn't very important.

Reaching the box, he dug down into his pocket, drawing out the envelope. As he was about to drop it down the slot, he blinked and looked at the name on the front—"HENRY BLACK"!

Quickly tearing open the envelope, he jerked out a sheet of paper. His jaw dropped as he read:

"Dear Henry,

By the time you read this I hope you have learned your lesson about remembering to mail my letters. Since my lectures haven't seemed to help you much, I thought this way might—let's hope so anyway. And you can take that surprised look off your face!

Your loving and very patient wife,

Doris"

Clare Towler,'57

BUNGANUT

Being a great admirer of Henry David Thoreau and his philosophy I made a resolution to follow his tenets, hoping they would eventually lead me to a better understanding of life and its meanings.

After reading his inspiring work, "Walden", I realized how little I had gotten out of life because I did not know its full meaning. Accordingly, I searched through the most profound works of the greatest savants and philosophers since the "Golden Age", but they availed me nothing. I was still restless and discontented. Finally, after much serious thought, I decided to do as Thoreau had done, to live next to

nature where life is stripped bare of all its shams and fripperies, to learn life from life itself.

It was the middle of July when I set my tent down on the shores of Bunganut Pond. The woods around were lush with the verdure of mid-summer. I was not shut in from Nature as I would be in a house. There was only a thin spread of canvas between me and the elements.

I was supremely happy as I lay down to sleep that first night. The birds in the trees around sang their twilight song softly and sweetly. I drifted off.....Six hours later raucous screeching and a monotonous twittering jolted me out of blessed sleep. Without getting up I peered through the hole at the top of the tent. One lone star twinkled sheepishly down at me from an otherwise pitch black sky. Then and there something warned me that to learn about life one has to get up early. I realized that something must have alarmed these birds to get them up so early and so, for the time being, I forgave the songsters of the forest.

Something alarmed them every morning at four o'clock for the next month. Still I could relax in the evening and watch the red sun sink slowly behind the pines, leaving them silhouetted like pointed cobwebs of black lace falling over the bluish-pink horizon. Then a low, whining noise would begin, rising to tremendous proportions, and a black hoard of mosquitoes would appear from the murky waters and descend...on me. But trust Nature to provide a repellent for her winged messengers. I gathered a number of green twigs and set a match to them. With a little persuasion the smoke soon rose in heavy clouds, driving away the mosquitoes. I went with them. My eyes stinging and watery, my lungs full of smoke, I felt as if my throat was being rubbed down with sand-paper.

I really didn't care what the weather was, as I had a tent over my head, warm clothes, and a good supply of books. One night I was rudely awakened. Rain, dripping in through the hole in the tent, had fallen in my mouth and almost suffocated me. However, I gathered my bed clothes into a dry corner and prepared to sit out the rain. As it happened, I sat for three days in two inches of water. Unfortunately, all my books but one were waterlogged. The one exception, "Webster's French-English Dictionary", helped considerably to while away the time.

I made friends with many of the little animals who roam happily throughout the forest. Chipmunks ate their way into my flour supply, a muskrat ran off with my bacon, and some industrious beaver gnawed all my tent poles off at the base. Oh yes, I was learning about life.

I found I was running out of food supplies and so decided to draw on Nature's stores for my next meal. I baited a hook and dropped my line into the brook running from Bunganut Pond. Nature does not always cooperate with her followers. I didn't get one bite.

Suddenly, I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder and turned to look into the cold grey eyes of the law. In fifteen minutes I was sitting in the sheriff's office, charged with fishing out of season and without a license. Of course, after I had explained to the sheriff and judge why I was fishing, and why I had lived in the middle of no-where for a month and a half, they dropped charges. Instead they called in a psychiatrist.

I have now understood the meaning of life. But I haven't the faintest idea why the warden won't listen to me. Claire Oskar,'58

THE FINAL BLOW

I thought he was wonderful. (So did every other girl I knew.) His friendly laugh made my heart beat faster. His easy smile brought color to my cheeks.

Then one day his tall, dark frame stood next to me outside the classroom door. In his relaxed, self-assured way he started a conversation with me—with me, of all people. I had never felt so thrilled in my life. In fact, I was so surprised at this sudden attention that I almost lost my voice. (I say almost, because even in a state of shock, talking has always been automatic for me, almost to the point where my parents and friends are driven to distraction.) Needless to say, I regained enough composure to utter a few words before we parted for the next class.

From that day on I lived in a dream world. Only one thing bothered me; he didn't treat me any differently from any of the others. I began to have my doubts.

Then came the morning when we were having oral examinations. I had crammed for weeks. I stood up when my name was called, ready to answer anything—but I was completely stunned. I answered perfectly every question put to me, and without a word of praise or a smile of recognition, he went briskly to the next one, as if I had been just another pupil.

Josephine Bonanno, '57

OLE GRAN' DAD

Willow Brook was a long, narrow, clear, deep brook. At its only falls the water plunged with such force that it formed a pool of creamy froth. At the bottom of this pool Ole Gran' Dad made his home.

Ole Gran' Dad was a large, brown trout, about twenty-six inches in length and fifteen pounds in weight. A rainbow of brightly colored spots enlivened his dead gold color. Truly, Gran' Dad was about the wisest trout that had ever lived.

Now Michael Green, a rather chubby, sly lad who had just entered his teens, had fished for Gran' Dad nearly two years. Twice Mike had Gran' Dad hooked but couldn't hold him. One time Gran' Dad lost himself in the falls and split Mike's leader from his line. The other time Ole Gran' Dad wrapped himself around a log downstream, split the leader and also cracked Mike's fly rod.

Michael's father, a round-faced, man in height and weight, had fished for Ole Gran' Dad also. He had never hooked Gran' Dad but had lost many a fly in trying. Mike's father had given up on Gran' Dad and had told Mike that Ole Gran' Dad would never be caught except by some expert Izaak Walton.

One particular morning, when the air was a bit crisp and the sky clouded, Mike decided it would be a good day to have a try at Ole Gran' Dad. On approaching Willow Falls, Mike crept slowly along the tall grass outlining the pool. When he reached the edge of the pool, he peered over the sharp bladed grass to see if Ole Gran' Dad was there. Sure enough he was, half hidden under a long, flat rock.

Mike hitched his fly rod together, then tied on a No. 2 Gray Hackle Orange Body Fly. He knelt down and cast his fly across stream to let it float down by Ole Gran' Dad. On the third cast, the terrifying moment came when Gran' Dad hit Mike's fly. Ole Gran' Dad knew instantly he was hooked and quickly started on a ferocious run for the falls. Mike

jumped to his feet with lightning speed and let out line. Then, quicker than the eye could follow, Ole Gran'Dad changed course, now heading downstream.

Mike let out more line as Gran' Dad continued his run downstream. When Ole Gran' Dad finally stopped his run, Mike ran to him, reeling in all slack line. When Mike caught up to Ole Gran' Dad, Gran' Dad darted upstream about twenty feet. Still Mike held on.

At the instant Mike came to ten feet within the distance to Gran' Dad, Gran' Dad broke water with a terrifying splash that echoed for miles around. He broke water again and again, at these times walking practically on his tail. Mike put force on the line and, after ten minutes, had worked Ole Gran' Dad close to shore.

When Mike finally had Gran' Dad two feet off the bank, he swooped the net under Gran' Dad's handsome body and toppled him to the bank. Gran' Dad could occupy only half of the net because of his enormous size.

Mike unhooked the fly and slipped his index finger through Gran' Dad's wide gills. Then he ran down the mud-beaten trail to home, with his prize weighing down his right arm.

Henry Hember,'57

THE LUCKY SHOES

Larry Lewis was watching the infield intensely. The best hitter on Riverdale's worst rival team, Sperling, was up. This was only the first inning, but it was the last game of the high school baseball season, and Riverdale was playing Sperling for the championship. Both teams had been undefeated thus far in the season. Last year, Riverdale had taken the championship undefeated, under the leadership of George Sabor, the most famous center fielder in the history of the league. Sophomore Larry Lewis was playing center field this year. Lewis had skill, everyone knew it, but could he fill George Sabor's shoes, the ones hung up in the locker room as a grand memory of him?

The Sperling man went down swinging. Riverdale was up. Chippy Evans, the catcher, started by bouncing a triple to the left field corner. The next two batters grounded out, Evans scoring. Lewis was up. He went down swinging.

So it continued; the score at the end of the eighth was two to two, although the hits had been plentiful. At the first half of the ninth inning the pressure was on.

The first man up hit the second home run for Sperling and the second in the game. The next three struck, grounded, and flied out under the wicked tosses of Teddy Shea.

Chippy Evans led off the last half with a life-giving single. The next two struck out, and the league championship was set deep in the bat of Larry Lewis. He thought of Sabor, his neat pair of shoes, and the championship. He was going to get a hit. The first pitch came. Up went the umpire's hand for strike. Call strike one.

"Strike two!" came later.

Sperling's pitcher took his time on the next pitch, for the championship hung on it. It came, and Larry swung as hard as Ted Williams ever did. Larry didn't see the ball go, he had had his eyes closed, but he knew he had hit it. Actually it was sailing hard, toward the very distant right field wall. The six foot right fielder ran back as hard as he

could, leaped very high, and snagged a ball that should have been long gone for a home run.

The ball game was over; final score: Riverdale 2, Sperling 3.

In the locker room, George Sabor himself congratulated Larry on a performance that "I myself could never have equaled."

Larry walked up to Sabor's shoes and tried them on. They fit perfectly. Richard Sibley, '60

THE MING VASE

"The whole town has turned out to bid on the Ming vase, Rod." The face turned up to him showed two blue eyes, in each of which a large tear trembled. "Poor Aunt Sara."

"There, there, Carla," Rod patted his wife's shoulder consolingly. "Her will stated that her belongings were to be sold at public auction. Even the Ming vase."

She dabbed her eyes with a wisp of lace. "You know the story, Rod. How when she was a young girl, her fiance sailed for China on his last trip before their marriage. He sent her the vase from Shanghai. On the homeward voyage, his ship was lost with all hands. She had only the vase as a memory."

"I know," he said. "She told me the story more than once."

"She knew that you are an authority on Chinese art. You know, Rod, when you admired it so I think that you removed all doubt from her mind that the vase was a genuine Ming."

"And now," the voice of the auctioneer broke in, "now we have, last but not least, the choicest item of all. A genuine Ming vase. Finest example of Oriental art. Friends, this is a museum piece. Only the deceased's wishes in this matter permit me to have the honor of offering this treasure to the highest bidder. What am I bid?"

A hush fell over the crowd and then a voice was heard. "I bid \$25," it said.

"Two hundred and fifty."

Carla looked up at the face of her husband. It was serene, but there was something about the set of his jaw that told the crowd he was prepared to go higher if need be.

"I hear \$250. Who'll make it \$275?" the voice of the auctioneer chanted. "Two-fifty. Going once, going twice, gone to Mr. Miller for \$250. May I congratulate you, sir," he said as Rod came forth to pay for his purchase.

Carla clutched the vase to her as they started toward the car. She examined it minutely. She stopped in her tracks. Why, Rod," she gasped, "this is the first chance I've had to hold the vase in my hands. This is no Ming. I believe it's just a cheap imitation." Her voice broke. "How could you? All these years you let Aunt Sara believe the vase to be genuine. It was a symbol of her lost love."

His voice was gentle. "Carla," he said, "beauty exists only in the eyes of its beholder. Imagine an exquisite rose blooming alone in a vast wasteland where nothing else lived. With no eye to behold it there would be no beauty, nothing. To Aunt Sara this vase was beautiful. Should I have destroyed the illusion? Don't forget, it cost me \$250 to keep the whole town from learning the truth."

Her eyes glowed. She stood on tiptoe and whispered in his ear, "You wonderful fraud." Clare Towler, '57

KITTY-KAT

To look at Kitty-Kat you wouldn't think that she was a full-grown cat (though she is a year and a half old) because she is quite small. She is a calico cat but she has the queerest markings I ever saw. The top of her is white, except for an orange spot and three black spots on her back, and her tail, which looks as if it were made up of all the leftovers—orange brown, black, and white.

It seems to me that her favorite haunts in the house are places where she can get dirty. (Usually the attic or the cellar.) she isn't very energetic and seldom cleans herself, so consequently she is dirty-gray most of the time instead of white.

Her eyes are positively fascinating. In the daytime they are greenish-yellow and the pupils are just black, vertical slits, which give the illusion that her eyes are cut in two. But at night when she stares at anything intently, the pupils become so big and round that they blot out the whole colored part of her eyes and look like two pools of black ink.

I really don't think she knows she is a cat because she just loves cheese, dog food and chocolate, but sticks her nose up at fish.

When we first got her, she was a baby about everthing. She wouldn't go out at night as cats are supposed to. But now she has grown up for she is out every night. I think it is because her boyfriend George calls for her every night about 8:30. Together the two of them serenade us, and it really is beautiful, especially when you are trying to sleep.

Of course, like every woman she is very nonchalant about the whole thing. If it happens to be raining out, she calmly ignores the cries of her lover. When she does go out, apparently she's pretty tired by morning because she sleeps all day in the most comfortable spot she can find—either her favorite chair in the living room or in the basket of clean clothes.

Lynne Christiansen, '58



POET'S CORNER

THE OUTSIDE WORLD

I gaze upon the outside world,
A landscape fresh and clean,
The sky above, a warm spring breeze,
The waving grass, a carpet green.

Now and then a song escapes
From birds; among the trees they fly.
And, off on the distant highway
Another car goes by.

As I hear the songs from warbling throats
 And view the springtime scene,
 The cars roll down the highway,
 And the grass turns a softer green.

I gaze upon the outside world,
 Each moment brings more tension.
 I'm waiting for the magic words
 That end this long detention.

Josephine Bonanno,'57

TRIBUTE TO A LEADER

There once lived a man, a hard-fightin' man,
 A man who was brave an' God-fearin'
 He fought for a cause,
 Against York and his laws,
 Against enemies who were constantly jeerin'.

"Him an his boys make a parcel of noise,'
 Empty threats are their way of peace-makin'."
 But York soon changed his tune
 On that ill-fated noon
 When he heard that Ti had been taken.

For that hard-fightin' man and his hard-fightin' men,
 Though they knew that they might be out-numbered,
 Crossed Champlain in the night,
 With their cause as their light,
 And took Ti, while York peacefully slumbered.

Ethan Allen was labeled a rebel,
 And a price had been put on his head.
 But he had courage to follow his convictions,
 Though he knew he might soon be dead.

He opposed tyranny and oppression;
 He knew he made the right choice.
 That's why we'll always remember
 Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys.

Karin Roebuck,'58

HUNTING

It was a bright, crisp morning
 When the hunters' trumpet blew,
 For sure a fox was lurking
 In the fields all fresh with dew.

The horses were impatient,
 The dogs were restless too;
 They sensed the coming joy
 Of the ride that soon was due.

With all the hunters mounted
The hunt would soon begin;
An' old Brer fox would quickly
Lose his sly and devilish grin.

The hunt was off, excitement grew,
The wind in all our faces blew.
Over hurdles the horses went,
The dogs were picking up the scent.

Off in the distance we saw our prey,
A running streak of reddish grey;
The horses fairly flew along,
The dogs were barking their joyous song.

We chased him over moors and dunes
But we'd soon rest for the coming noon;
The thrill of hunting is not to kill,
But to race with the wind in the autumn chill.

Brooke Teel,'60

CARIOGA

I have a miniature poodle
As cute as she can be,
And when she finally does grow up,
She'll have a little puppy.

Not Terry, nor Jerry,
Nor Rover, nor Clover.
I bet you'll never guess!
Her name is Carioga.

She still is a little pup
Who runs 'neath my feet,
And makes the funniest little noise
That no other pup could beat.

Roga, for short,
Is an appropriate name,
Because a dog and title
Should always be the same.

The way she walks
And prances around
Is one of the sights
Which truly astound.

How lucky I am to have a dog
As cute and funny as she!
No other dog could surpass her,
Because she is so dear to me.

Carolyn Rockwell,'60



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

The Office Practice Classes were shown movies, sponsored by the Telephone Company, once a week for four weeks. These movies illustrated the importance of the telephone in business and in everyday use with relatives and friends. After seeing these movies, the students had a clearer understanding of the telephone and its importance to all kinds of people in all walks of life.

The Air Force was represented at our school during February by two sergeants who spoke to the Problems of Democracy classes. Besides giving an interesting talk, they also brought with them movies on Communism which were very interesting as well as educational. C. A.

On February 14, Mr. Regan's Physics Class journeyed to the New England Power Electric Plant for a tour of the plant. Superintendent of Schools Francis J. O'Brien accompanied the group of about sixteen students. They left the school at one-fifteen and returned at four-thirty after a very interesting and educational trip. C. C.

On Tuesday, March 5, two members were chosen from each home-room for the ticket committee for the school play. Miss Torpey is in charge of the tickets.

Half of the profits from the sale of tickets by each class will go to the respective class treasuries.

Thanks to you all for your co-operation in helping to make our school play a success! L. M.

On Saturday, January 26, 1957, Mr. McDonald, along with the cast of the school play, attended Haverhill High's school play which was very well presented. Those who attended were Lynne Christiansen, Mary Phelan, Joan Wicks, Lois Meserve, Carole Parker, James Valliere, John Minihan, and John Smith. C. P.





RECORD

NEW FACULTY MEMBER

Mr. Thomas Regan joined our faculty in January, taking the place of Miss Clara Chapman who retired in December of last year.

Before coming to North Andover he taught at Lenox High. He is a graduate of Lawrence High School and Providence College, and is presently making his home in Lawrence. He teaches physics and Chemistry at North Andover High.

We are happy to welcome him to North Andover.

J. D.

CONGRATULATIONS, ROBIN!

For the second consecutive year the co-captain of our basketball team, Robin Munroe, has emerged as the high-scorer in Greater Lawrence schoolboy hoop contests. Last year Robin had 443 points in 20 regular games. This year he topped his old record with 451 points in 19 regular games.

Robin was also the only Class C player in the Tech Tournament who was considered for the Henry McCarthy Most Valuable Player Award given each year by the Tourney officials to the best player in the entire tournament.

L. E. M.

YEARBOOK NAME CHANGE

The name of the senior class yearbook, *The Gobbler*, has recently been changed. The yearbook will now be known as the *The Knight*, in keeping with the symbol of our school.

L. E. M.

COURT SESSION

On Thursday morning, February 14, four students, who were selected from each of the Problem classes, represented North Andover High School at the Lawrence District Court on its annual visiting day.

The Exchange Club of Lawrence annually sponsors such a group of students who come from all the high schools in Greater Lawrence. This group was present at the trial of cases scheduled for this specific day.

A guide explained the court proceedings and answered all questions put to him. A tour of the building proved very interesting, covering, among other things, the Registry of Deeds, the "lock-up", and the juvenile court room. The latter is located inconspicuously at the rear of the building so as not to call attention to it; publicity is harmful in most juvenile cases.

Those who attended from our school were Rhoda Broderick, Josephine Bonanno, Dolores Belluardo, and Bruce Russell.

J. A. B.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The week of January 28, the Student Council sponsored a School Spirit Week which was climaxed on Friday, February 1, with the Punchard-North Andover basketball game. As a part of the observances, a poster contest was held. The posters depicted the different aspects of school spirit. The winners were Rita Carroll, first prize, (a free ticket to all the remaining home games); Ann Wild, second prize, (a free ticket to two home games); and John Minihan, third prize, (a ticket to one home game).

Friday, February 1, was designated as School Colors Day. The entire student body and many of the faculty wore red and black. A rally was held on Friday prior to the big game with Punchard. At the rally we heard from Co-Captains Robin Munroe and Andy Zigelis, and Coach Larochelle. This was followed by cheers led by the cheerleaders.

The following juniors and seniors were recently appointed by the Student Council to serve on the after-prom committee: Jim Valliere, Russ Aaronian, Richard Lange, John Burke, Ruth Ann Smith, Pauline Nadeau, Judy Knightly, Lynne Christiansen, Frank McCarthy, Adele Bullock, Eileen DeBurro, Jo Ellen Robertson, Charles Mattraw, John Markey, and Judy Tetler.

L. C.

GUIDANCE

On February 8, the Lawrence General Hospital School of Nursing held an open house which twelve girls from North Andover High attended. Two of these girls, Clare Towler and Donna Mulchahey, have since been notified of their acceptance there. Other seniors already accepted at various schools include Alice Miller, the University of New Hampshire, (located in the state in which she is now residing); Judy Tetler, Boston University School of Business; Dorothy Stansel, Wilson College; Carol Kopec, Burbank School of Nursing; Carolyn Fretwell, Boston University; and Adele Bullock, Bridgewater State Teachers' College.

Salem Teachers' College held an open house on February 12. Approximately twelve of our students attended. The same day, Mr. Nicholas A. Rasetzki, Associate Director of Admissions at Babson Institute, spoke to those of our students who are interested in that school.

The Senior Math Class heard Mr. George E. Noonan, the Assistant Director of Admissions at Bentley School of Accounting, on February 13. The following day Edmond D. Walsh, S. J., Director of Admissions at Boston College, showed an interesting film to members of the Junior and Senior classes interested in B. C.

Our students have had a great deal of opportunity lately to become acquainted with the various programs offered at B. U. On February 26, Professor Charles M. Sparks, Assistant Professor of Guidance at Boston University, explained the offerings of the different schools there, such as those of the school of social work, business, and nursing. Students interested in B. U. were invited by the B. U. Club of Greater Lawrence to a meeting at Osgood Hill, where plans were announced for awarding a scholarship to some deserving student.

Miss Gillen is very pleased to announce that the Junior class seems to be looking towards the future. Twenty-nine of its members have indicated their tentative plans to take the Scholastic Aptitude Test in

May. This is a much greater percentage than there was among last year's Juniors.

Representatives from the Marine Corps gave information on this branch of the service to interested students on March 12. D. S.

HONOR SOCIETY

An Honor Society meeting was held on February 5 to discuss plans for a dance to be held on March 30, proceeds from which will be donated to the Hungarian Relief Fund. The dance will be the joint efforts of North Andover, Andover, Haverhill, and Methuen High Schools, and will be held in the North Andover High School gymnasium. Committees have been appointed and it is planned to have a popular disc-jockey.

On February 12, an Honor Society induction was held at Haverhill High School. Several students and faculty members from North Andover High School attended and participated in this induction. They included, Mr. Hayes, Miss Cook, Louis Mooradkanian, Priscilla Watts, George Haigh, and Laura Curtis.

George Haigh was appointed a councillor to take the place of Alice Miller who recently moved to New Hampshire. K. R.

ASSEMBLIES

On February 1, a rally was held in the school gymnasium as a preface to the second basketball game between the Scarlet Knights and the Blue Devils of Punchard. The rally climaxed a colorful "School Spirit Week" and was held on School Colors Day. The students and faculty helped promote school spirit by wearing red and black, the school colors.

On March 1, a rally was held in the gym prior to the Tech Tourney game to be played against Immaculate High of Revere. During both these rallies we heard from Coach Laroche and Co-Captains Andy Zigelis and Robin Munroe. C. C.

GOBBLER DANCE

A successful dance to benefit the yearbook was held January 25 in the school gymnasium. The disc jockey was from radio station WCCM.

We extend our thanks to the following teachers who served as chaperones: Miss Mooradkanian, Miss Neal, Dr. Thomson, Mrs. Collins, and Mr. Christison.

PROM BENEFIT DANCE

A very successful Prom Benefit dance was held on the evening of February 15 in the high school gym. A local disc jockey was on hand to spin the latest platters.

We wish to extend our thanks to the chaperones for the evening who included Miss Buckley, Mr. Crozier, Miss Donlan, Miss Sheridan, Mr. Christison, and Mr. Perrault. C. T.

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Brooks School Scholarship test was held on February 9 at Phil-

lips Academy. We wish to congratulate the winners from the freshman class, Dick Arold and David Bamford, and wish them a very happy and successful four years at Brooks! G. DeF.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Recently some sophomore girls attended an open house day sponsored by the Salem Teachers' College. Speeches were given by members of the faculty and student body. After this a tour of both the college and training school was conducted by student guides. Later, luncheon was served in the cafeteria. A good time was enjoyed by all in attendance.

Those of our class who attended were Ursula Perrone, Barbara Buchanan, Connie Carney, Marcia Kelly, Cathy McDuffie, and Anne Messina. Joan Doiron served as chaperon for the sophomore girls.

We were sorry to hear about Arthur Kettinger's unfortunate accident and are very glad to welcome him back to school once again.

A. M.

JUNIOR CLASS

Our congratulations to the members of the junior class who were elected to the Prom and After-Prom Committees.

Elected to the Prom Committee were Ann Marie Barrett, Janet Drummey, Claire Oskar, Vic Battaglioli, John Minihan, and Andy Zigelis.

Elected to the After-Prom Committee were Lynne Christiansen, Jo Ellen Robertson, Jay Burke, Chuck Mattraw, and Jim Valliere. J. R.

SENIOR CLASS

During February, a class meeting was held at which the teachers to whom the year book would be dedicated were chosen. The Misses Clara and Veva Chapman were chosen by the class for this honor. They will have concluded thirty odd years of service in the teaching field at the close of this school year.

It was decided also that the class would wear caps and gowns for graduation, and that John Markey, president, should be allowed to choose a class motto and color committee made up of himself and four others. Those appointed were Jean Cahoon, Judy Tetler, Russ Aaronian, and Bill Blackstock. This committee is to suggest several colors and mottos which will be later voted upon by the seniors in home rooms.

It was also mentioned at the meeting that money received from dues is quickly mounting and that the majority of the class is cooperating fully. Keep up the good work!

Recently there was a meeting of the junior and senior class officers at which six members of each class were nominated to serve on the prom committee along with the officers. Of the six seniors, the three chosen by a class vote were Bob Narris, Bill Nicora, and Bill Blackstock. We know they are good representatives of the class and will do a swell job.

Also in the past month, Rhoda Broderick, Dolores Belluardo, Josephine Bonnanno, and Bruce Russell attended, with Mr. Hayes, a court session at Lawrence District Court. From all reports it proved to be a very interesting and educational experience.

J. A. T.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Basketball

North Andover vs. Dracut

The girls' Lowell Suburban League leaders again showed the North Andover six some fancy hook shots. Although all the players did their utmost to either up our score or hold the opposition to a low score, their efforts couldn't keep Dracut down. Dot Paradis came up with 23 points, while Barbara Weingart was right on her heels with 22. Sally Lord got 8.

North Andover vs. Wilmington

In a hard-fought, close game, the North Andover team pulled out with a score of 53-50. At the end of the first quarter the score was tied at 16 all. In the second, Wilmington outscored our team, and at the half the score was 23-26. In the last half our girls gained 3 points on the opponents. Dot Paradis led the scoring with 26 points. Barbara Weingart and Etta May Nadeau scored 18 and 8 points respectively. The guards, Joyce Myhaver, Cilla Watts, Marie Sullivan, and Judy Knightly, did an outstanding job of keeping the opposition's scoring down in the last half.

In the J. V. prelim our girls won 23-15. Margaret Mattraw, Cathy Roberts, and Marsha Zigelis got 11, 10, and 2 points respectively.

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

The North Andover girls won this game by a score of 66-52. Dot Paradis, who was high scorer with 28 points, led our team to victory. Others reaching double figures for our team were Barbara Weingart with 21 points and Etta May Nadeau with 17 points.

North Andover vs. Burlington

The infallible Mary Bennett led her team to a victory by scoring 31 points out of 81, while Dot Paradis was our high scorer with 24 points. Etta May Nadeau scored 16 points and Barbara Weingart scored 8.

North Andover vs. Chelmsford

Though the North Andover six fought hard, Chelmsford's girls took

"THEN" (prog



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"NOW =



the game 55-47. Again Dot Paradis was high scorer with 24 points, while Barbara Weingart had 13, Etta May Nadeau had 6, Audrey Currier had 3, and Sally Lord had 10.

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

North Andover again faced defeat when the Tewksbury girls took a close game, 59-51. Outscoring them in the first quarter we were unable to hold our lead, and at half time the score was 25-20. In the third quarter they hit the board for 20 points to our 12. Making eleven baskets and four out of seven foul shots, Dot Paradis led the scoring with 26 points. Etta May Nadeau followed with 13 points, and Barbara Weingart pushed in 11.

North Andover vs. Billerica

Our girls' hoop team pulled out of its losing streak by beating Billerica 34-27. Our forwards, Dot Paradis, Etta May Nadeau, and Barbara Weingart, hit for 25, 5, and 4 points respectively. The guards, Joyce Myhaver, Audrey Currier, Cilla Watts, and Judy Knightly, did a terrific job of holding the opponents to 27 points.

North Andover vs. Billerica

Our team was again the victor, beating the Billerica six by a score of 48-42. Dot Paradis was again top scorer with 28 points, followed by Barbara Weingart with 11 and Etta May Nadeau with 9.

North Andover vs. Dracut

North Andover faced its first defeat at the hands of the league champion Dracut girls. The score was 55-41. Dot Paradis maintained her poise flipping in 25 points. Barbara Weingart, Sally Lord, Audrey Currier and Etta May Nadeau combined their strengths for 16 points.

In the prelim, the North Andover J. V.'s trimmed their opponents by a score of 16-11. Margaret Mattraw was high scorer with 9 points.

North Andover vs. Wilmington

Our North Andover sextet got back into the swing of things by trouncing Wilmington 56-37. Dot Paradis was high scorer with 23 points, while Etta May Nadeau followed close behind with 21.

North Andover vs. Burlington

North Andover's girls ended the season by losing a hard-fought game to Burlington whose star forward, Mary Bennet, established a state record by dumping in 59 points. Dot Paradis and Barbara Weingart shared the honors for our team by hitting 30 points apiece. Sally Lord contributed 11 points.

With their tremendous record of eight wins and five losses, the North Andover girls grabbed fourth place in the Lowell Suburban League.

Particular credit is due Dot Paradis who scored an average of 26 points a game.

The team elected guard Joyce Myhaver and forward Dot Paradis to represent it in the All-Star game against Dracut. The All-Stars' victory was due, in great part, to the shooting of Dot Paradis whose 16 points made her one of the game's high scorers.

Congratulations are in order for all the varsity girls who continuously played good ball and displayed outstanding sportsmanship throughout the entire season.

A. C. and J. K.

BOYS' SPORTS

Basketball

North Andover vs. Methuen

North Andover slipped by arch-rival Methuen for the second time this season by the score of 40-38. The game was a thriller all the way. Methuen, with Art Pringle and Bernie Valcourt hitting, at one point in the first period held a 12-2 lead. However, the Knights began fighting back, and with Joe Walsh and Vic Battaglioli hitting, the Knights finally caught Methuen late in the second period. Just before the buzzer sounded the end of the second session, Robin Munroe sank a beautiful set shot from mid-court to give N. A. a lead of 20-18.

The third period was nip and tuck with neither team gaining an advantage of more than 3 points. The period ended with the Knights ahead 32-29.

In the fourth period Munroe, who had been held to one field goal throughout the game, came to life. He made some important free throws and scored the goal that proved to be the winning one.

For the Knights, Joe Walsh hit for 14 points and Robin Munroe got 10.

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

The Knights easily coasted over Tewksbury in their spacious gym to the tune of 88-47.

Leading in the scoring department were Munroe with 26 points, Zigelis with 17, and Murphy with 11. Though they did not see much action, they managed to reach double figures. The second team took over for a while after they were leading 21-2.

North Andover vs. Wilmington

North Andover grabbed another league win by trouncing Wilmington 86-48.

Although having a bad first period, the Knights, led by Zigelis and Munroe who combined to score 40 points, finally managed to click and won with little difficulty.

North Andover vs. Chelmsford

North Andover, turning in a real team effort, out-fought and out-hustled a rangy Chelmsford club by a score of 66-58.

Munroe and Battaglioli did the bulk of the scoring, 27 and 21 points respectively, and countless assists by Zigelis and some tremendous rebounding by Walsh, Minihan, Blackstock and Murphy put our team out in front.

With this game the Knights earned a bid to the Tech Tourney for the second consecutive year.

North Andover vs. Punchard

The classy Knights maintained their unbeaten slate by emerging victorious against a strong Punchard club 44-41.

The Knights racked up a halftime lead of 30-20 behind the sharp shooting of Co-Captain Rob Munroe and the classy rebounding of Joe Walsh.

As the second half commenced, the seemingly inspired Punchard quintet came alive. With 50 seconds left Punchard closed the gap to 42-37, but the strong North Andover defense withstood the former's rally and clinched the Little Three title.

North Andover vs. Dracut

North Andover bagged number seventeen as our team trounced Dracut 79-56. Vic Battaglioli, the set shot artist of the North Andover aggregation, racked up 30 points from every conceivable spot on the floor. Rob Munroe and Joe Walsh combined for 28 points.

Big Bill Blackstock turned in a fine defensive game as he grabbed many rebounds and blocked several shots.

North Andover vs. Billerica

North Andover gained its 16th win in a row by plastering Billerica High 99-45, its highest point total in a single game for this season. North Andover was taking no chances as its team pummeled Billerica in every period, led by the performances of high scorers Rob Munroe, Vic Battaglioli, Andy Zigelis, and Tom Murphy. The Knights controlled both backboards and left little to be desired when the final buzzer sounded. Munroe topped the scoring with 30 points, followed by Battaglioli with 22, Zigelis with 18, and Murphy with 10.

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

The Knights failed, in this game, to show the spark which had kept them among the undefeated ranks of Greater Lawrence, but still managed to down Tewksbury 58-28.

At the end of the first period, the Knights trailed 10-6. Only once, previous to this time, had the Knights been on the short end of a first period score. However, the North Andover quintet slowly pulled themselves together, and with Rob Munroe putting on a one man show, and with John Minihan and Joe Walsh controlling the boards, the Knights grabbed the lead at half-time and then coasted in for the win. Munroe was the only man in double figures with 24 points.

North Andover vs. Burlington

The Knights, though starting slow, finally came to life to smother Burlington High by the score of 78-46. In the first half the Burlington quintet, to the surprise of the fans, stayed right with the Knights, holding the score to 30-27 in favor of N. A. But that was all for Burlington. North Andover came out for the third session raring to go. Vic Battaglioli started the ball rolling, hitting on four consecutive set shots. Robin Munroe continued his first half performance, shooting his jump-shot with uncanny accuracy along with Andy Zigelis and Joe Walsh, who chipped in with some timely shots and some fine rebounding. Munroe led the scoring with 24 points, followed by Battaglioli with 16, Zigelis with 14, and Walsh with 10.

North Andover vs. Wilmington

North Andover High's Scarlet Knights clinched the Lowell Suburban League championship by routing Wilmington by the score of 74-30. The first string remained in the game for only a period and a half. Badly outclassed, Wilmington was held to a scant 12 points in the first half while the Knights piled up 40. Then the second string took over and maintained the lead. Murnoe was high man with 15 points, followed by Zigelis with 11 and Minihan with 10.

North Andover vs. Burlington

The Scarlet Knights achieved an undefeated season with the close of this game. They annihilated an outmatched Burlington squad 81-43.

Rob Munroe smashed his old scoring record of 443 by dunking 451 at the climax of this game. This makes him, for the second consecutive year, high scorer in Greater Lawrence.

North Andover vs. All-Stars

The Knights, in the final game before entering the Tech Tournament, easily outclassed the Lowell Suburban League All-Stars 75-39. The game, as it opened, looked like a thriller. But with two minutes gone in the first period and the score 6-6, the deadly set shot of Vic Battaglioli found the mark four consecutive times and the Knights all at once got hot. Nobody missed. Murphy tossed in a pair and Zigelis hit on three jumpers as the second period ended with the score 40-18. In the third period Munroe and Walsh did the bulk of the scoring as the Knights continued their romp. In the final session the second string came in and faired very well, outscoring the Stars 16-11. For the Knights, Battaglioli caged 17, followed by Zigelis with 15, and Munroe with 11.

North Andover vs. Immaculate Conception (Revere)

North Andover's high flying Scarlet Knights overwhelmed a rangy Immaculate Conception club, 50-32.

The Knights outscored I. C. in every quarter. They were led by Rob Munroe who scored 22 and Bill Blackstock who scored 11 and

turned in some tremendous rebounding. This was the Knights' first Tech win.

North Andover vs. Msgr. Prevost

North Andover stretched its unbeaten string to twenty-two games, disposing of Msgr. Prevost High of Fall River in the semi-finals of the Tech Tournament by the score of 77-54.

With Vic Battaglioli and Joe Walsh leading the way, the Knights jumped into a quick 10-2 lead and never were headed. As the second period opened, Robin Munroe and Andy Zigelis took over the bulk of the scoring and opened the gap to 35-23. It was a fine team effort displayed by the Knights, as four of the five starters reached double figures. They outscored Prevost in every period and tired their opponents considerably with a fast-breaking offense. Blackstock, Zigelis, and Walsh did a fine job in the rebounding department.

North Andover vs. Case

North Andover's high scoring forward, Robin Munroe, broke the scoring record in the Class C Tech Tournament by scoring 37 points while his team went down fighting before Joseph Case High of Swansea, in the finals at Boston Garden, by the score of 63-60.

It was a heart-breaking decision for the previously undefeated Scarlet Knights. They never gave up despite the fact that they were behind 28-20 in the second period, 46-35 near the end of the third period, and 48-37 in the fourth and final period. During the fourth period action, with the Knights 9 points behind, they went into full court press and stole the ball time and time again. On two different occasions North Andover came within two points, 60-58 and 62-60, of tying the game up. However, each time Case managed to score. With ten seconds remaining in the game, Munroe fouled out and was given one of the greatest ovations ever bestowed on a high school athlete.

Munroe was the whole show for N. A., scoring 37 points. Zigelis had 10.

Scarlet Knights

The North Andover Scarlet Knight hoop quintet accomplished what hasn't been accomplished for many years. First, they beat Punchard and Methuen, archrivals, twice, to unquestionably take the "Little Three" title. Secondly, they were undefeated in the Lowell Suburban League with a 12-0 record. For winning the latter two titles they received trophies. They racked up an overall record for the season of 19-0, being the first undefeated team the new high school has produced. This was not all. They then played several strong teams in the Tech Tourney and beat them, thereby gaining a bid for the Class C championship in the finals; but for the first time this season, they were defeated by the narrow margin of three points in the final game. Consequently they were runners-up in Class C, and for this they received a silver plaque.

The Knights have accomplished much, and although they did not cop the "C" title, they have much to be proud of besides these material

accomplishments, for they exemplified good sportsmanship and fair play, win or lose, everywhere they played.

The Knights of North Andover scored 1,299 points during the regular season and 190 points in the Tech Tournament. The individual break down-was as follows:

Individual	Regular Season	Tech Tournament
Robin Munroe	451	78
Vic Battaglioli	240	24
Andy Zigelis	210	37
Joe Walsh	142	23
Tom Murphy	100	10
John Minihan	56	0
Blackstock	36	18
Matraw	20	0
Yeutter	12	0
Byron	16	0
Elliot	16	0
	<hr/> 1,299	<hr/> 190

These totals do not include the All-Star game.

Munroe led the scoring, playing 22 games and scoring 529 points for an average per game of 24 points. Vic Battaglioli followed, playing 22 games and scoring 264 points for an average of 12 points per game. Zigelis also reached double figures, scoring 247 points for an average of 11 points per game.

A. Z. and V. B.

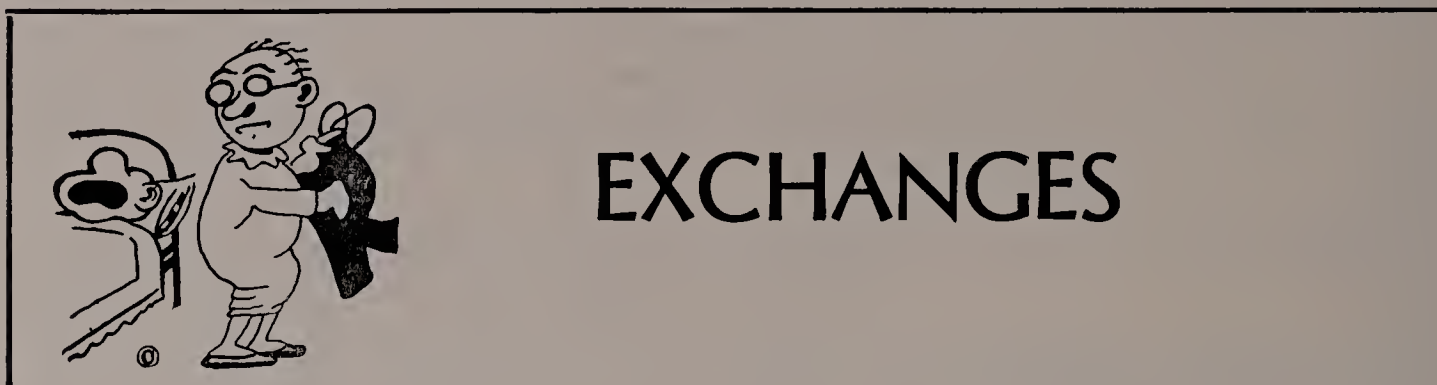
Intramural Basketball

The intramural basketball season officially came to a close with the announcement of the names of the two teams who walked off with first place in their respective divisions. The champions of Division I were the Hobos. The Hawks took second place and the Spartans captured the third spot. The members of the winning Hobos' team were Henry Pitman, Allan Comstock, Thomas Cotter, Ben Osgood, Irving Newman, Mark Henry, and Bob Dufresne. The title of Division II was won by the Rinky Dinks. The Whippers and Checkers took second and third places respectively. The members of the champion Rinky Dinks were John Gallant, Lennie Annaloro, George Haigh, Mike Cahill, Neil McAloon, Doug Morse, Robert Harris and Jim Sweeney.

High scorers from both divisions were Doug Morse (Rinky Dinks), 78 points; Lennie Annaloro (Rinky Dinks) and Henry Pitman (Hobos), 61 points; Mike Cahill (Rinky Dinks) and George Mastin (Hawks), 42 points; Don Stewart (Whippers), 32 points; Gil Cardoza (Whippers), 56 points; Allan Comstock (Hobos), 53 points; Freeman Hatch (Whippers), 30 points; and Sam Perrucio (Spartans), 26 points.

The officials for the intramural games were Mike Byron, Will Nadeau, Ken Kellan, Bruce Gourley, Bruce Elliot, Bill Blackstock, Neil McAloon, Lennie Annaloro, Dave Bamford and Dick Sanborn.

L. E. M.



EXCHANGES

The Oriole, Richland Center High School, Richland Center, Wisconsin.

We really "dig" your modern version of "Little Red Riding Hood" called "Crazy Red Riding Hood" and we suggest that all "cats" at N. A. H. S. read it.

The Sagamore, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

Your fashion column entitled "B. H. S. Goes Ivy" proved very interesting as well as informative. It is columns like this that help to make your paper as enjoyable as it is.

The Lawrencian, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

"The Survival of the Fittest Diet" by Karen Fox was the most entertaining and humorous description of the so-called wonder reducing diets that we have read. We just regret that we haven't room in this column to print it for the enjoyment of our students.

Borrowed:

The gum-chewing student
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
Yet different somehow.
And what is the difference?
I think I know now....
It's the clear, thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

Bunkie Highlights, Kennebunk High School, Kennebunk, Me.

Borrowed:

Bob—"How did your horse win the race?"
Jerry—"Well I just kept whispering in his ear,
'Roses are red, violets are blue. Horses that
lose are made into glue.'"

We think your column "Senior Personalities" is an excellent way of getting to know more about the members of your senior class.

Our congratulations to Joyce London on her winning essay about Elvis Presley!

Boston University News, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

We enjoy your paper very much. Especially good is your photography section which contributes much to the professional tone of your paper.

K. S. and G. S.



Says Who?

A proud young lady from Kentucky was trying to justify her state to a Texan. "In Kentucky," she said, "we have Fort Knox, where enough gold is stored to build a golden fence three feet high completely around Texas."

"Go ahead and build it," drawled the man from out yonder. "If I like it I'll buy it."

How's That Again?

She: "How about giving me a diamond bracelet."

He: "My dear, extenuating circumstances force me to preclude you from such a bauble of extravagance."

She: "I don't get it."

He: "That's just what I said."

Strategy

A little boy, caught in mischief, was asked by his mother: "How do you expect to get into heaven?"

He thought a minute and then said: "Well, I'll just run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door till they say, 'For goodness sake, come in or stay out!' Then I'll go in."

First Things First

TV Announcer: "We have just received a bulletin of a catastrophe, the like of which has never been known to mankind---but first, a word from our sponsor."

Figuratively Speaking

Though they had never met B4
What cause had she 2 care?
She loved him, 10derly, because
He was a 1,000,000aire.

Sign Language

Sign over umbrella stand: "This umbrella belongs to the champion heavyweight fighter of the world. He is coming right back."

Five minutes later-new sign: "Umbrella is now in possession of the champion marathon runner of the world. He is not coming back!"

Not Me!

Two caterpillars were resting on a leaf, when a large butterfly flitted by overhead.

"Well," remarked one, "you'll never catch me up in one of those things!"

Wifely Concern

"Guess what, dear," said the weatherman on arriving home, "I've been transferred to San Francisco."

"That's good," replied the little woman. "I've noticed the weather here doesn't agree with you."

Past Experience

Professor: "This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three spaces apart in alternate rows."

Ways and Means

He: Oh my darling, how can I ever leave you?

She: By plane, bus, train, ship, subway, rockets, taxi, streetcar, bike, scooter, skates, and piggyback.

To N. A. H. S. Football Team:

Dumb: I don't see how football players ever get clean.

Dumber: Silly, what do you think the scrub team is for?

The aggressive lady on the bus was afraid she might miss her stop, so she poked the conductor with her umbrella and asked, "Is this the First National Bank?"

"No, lady," he replied, "that's my rib."

First Author: Did you think those jokes I gave you were funny?

Second Author: I don't know, but when I was burning them the fire sure roared!



Tidy Soul

Customer: Is there any soup on the menu?

Waitress: There was, but I wiped it off, sir.

We are indebted to current publications for our humor.

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